

Advertisements.

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

VOL. XXX. { REV. E. O. HAVEN, EDITOR.
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1859.

Terms, \$1.50, strictly in advance.
Office, 36 Washington St., Boston.} NO. 8.

For Zion's Herald.

SADDLE BAG HEROES.

TUBBS GIBSON AND WILLIAM BURKE.

Fifteen of our large States now occupy the Great Western Valley, a region which in the earliest days of American Methodism was penetrated for the first time by the itinerant preachers, those noble and intrepid pioneers of Christian civilization. They visited Kentucky in 1787, and there formed a circuit; and soon, in 1801, there was a Kentucky District, with nine appointments, William McKeithen, Presiding Elder. Then followed, with two districts, from the Miami to Natchez.

Tobias Gibson was a member of the South Carolina Conference, and having filled several appointments, volunteered to Bishop Asbury as a missionary for the region of the great Western River as early as 1790, and eighteen years before the Mississippi Territory was admitted into our Union. Starting from Pokes, his native region, he traveled towards the Cumberland River, and for 600 miles, along Indian trails, through the pathless wilderness. At length, reaching the stream, the missionary sold his horse, and purchasing a canoe, embarked with his provisions and saddle, bridle, and saddle bags. Down he paddled with his little frail boat, the Cumberland, the Ohio, soon reaching the Mississippi. Continuing his solitary and adventurous voyage, he reached Natchez, and founded a Methodist church there.

Mr. Gibson afterwards made four journeys by land through the dense wilderness between Natchez and the Cumberland River, to secure more Christian laborers for that distant field. No California miners or worldly fawns were their prey; they visited those far-off regions, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel, immortal men for whom their Master died. In 1809, this outpost of our land, Natchez, had a Methodist church with 180 members, the blessed result of these missionary exertions. To Christian heroism Mr. Gibson added the highest attainments in piety; he possessed the blessing of that rare gift which cast out all fear. On New Year's Day, 1801, that devoted man of God preached his last sermon, and entered into that mortal rest remaining for the people of the Lord!

William Burke's name should be mentioned with that of Tobias Gibson. We couple their precious names and memories. The Ohio District was formed in 1804, and William Burke appointed its Presiding Elder. He had traveled several years previously beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and was well prepared for this new work. From Mr. Millburn's lectures, we learn that William Burke entered the West when the Indian warfare was hottest, traveling through the region which now embraces Western Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio. In all this vast country there was scarcely a settlement or log cabin to be found where this servant of Christ had not prayed and preached with the people. He was so poor at times that his clothes, as he himself said, "were patch upon patch, and patch above patch, until the patches themselves were worn out, and bare-kneed, bare-shoed," literally penitential, and almost friendless, still the missionary went forward in the service of his God, calling sinners to repentance. For three and twenty long years of unceasing toil, with suffering and hardships almost beyond the power of man to bear, he labored, and one day takes a short time before giving vigor to those who have been so long inactive. We often doze repeated care CANONIC DIABETES in the most to the first.

Only one takes at night, leaves the bones gently, and leaves the heart, and makes a perfect cure. Only one does indeed any good, while others, while the LIVER INVIGORATOR, are most perfectly useless.

These cures remove all morbid or bad humor from the body, and restore the health.

These cures are cured, and, what is either, protracted, by the occasional use of the LIVER INVIGORATOR, due also to the fact that the Romish Church has only one dose taken before retiring, prevents NIGHT.

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Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"If the wrong side of Heaven be so bright, what must the right side be?"
"Tis a lovely eve, my little pet,
And a brimming hour ere nine,
Throw on your garments, run and get
My tea—there's nothing so sweet as yet,
And I with the frost of years am wet,
And bowed by the hand of Time;
Then are you waving moon hats set,
Come lay your hand in mine.

Light sped the feet of the Swedish child,
To obey her Swedish sire;
The "godo man" leaned on his chair and smiled,
For he thought of his own youth, glad and wild,
Then clasped his hands o'er his forehead mild,
And mused by the long-spent fire,
'Till the tears fell fast as the time he whiled,
Attuning memory's lyre.

"Twas just such a lovely evening,
As methinks I'd choose to die,
That they walked in silence side by side,
The father gray, and the father's pride,
Her raptured orbs unveling wide,
And turning towards the sky,
While a pearly tear she forgot to hide,
Hung poised in either eye.

And he—thought of the happy blast,
Of many a weary dove,
That folding its pinions o'er its breast,
Had passed away from the parent nest,
Praised peacefully to the world of rest,
While he learned to look above,
And to cry, though hard, "Tis all for the best,
And God is of love!"

But passing now in this dreamy flight,
"What thinks thou, love?" spoke he.
"My father, I think this beautiful night,
As my soul drinks in your glorious sight,
How bright the stars must be to-night,
Or what must the right side be?" Twaught a beaming leight,
That childish thought—twas a beaming light,
O'er his voyage to eternity.

JESSIE IDE.

THE SEARCH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And a search for Christ,
And Notes soon fit to fair

That first the woods and fields my youth enticed,
And I was sure to find there;

The temple I sought;

And to the solitude

Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook

The crown and purple from my wood;

His snow, like desert sands, with scowful drift,

Besieged the column'd aisle and palace gate;

My Thebes, cut deep with a sombre rift,

But epiph'd her own sepulchred state;

Then I remembered whom I went to seek,

And bled' st ill blust' Winter for his counsel break.

Back to the world I turn'd,

For Christ, I said, is King;

So the ramp'd atley and the hut I spurn'd;

As the power of wealth I sought;

But found no trace of him;

And all the costly offerings I had brought

With rust and mould grow dim:

I found his tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,

All must on stated days themselves impson,

Mocking with bread a dead grec's grimning jaws;

Witness how long the hell had thence arisen;

Due sacrifice to this they set apart,

Praising it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my feet the dust

Of the profane world I shook;

Then came dear Love and shared with me his crust,

And half my brother's borden took.

After the world's soft bed,

Was I to dream dainty dreams?

Like downy soft I'd lie and allow to my head,

His sleep food seem'd as manna rare.

Fresh trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,

Turn'd to the heidless city where I came,

Hard by I saw, and springs of worship sweet

Gushed from my chest heat smitten by the sun;

Love look'd me in the face and spoke no words,

But straight I knew those footprints were the Lord's.

I follow'd where they led,

And in a hovel rood,

With nought to fence the weather from his head,

The King I sought for meekly stood.

A naked, hungry child

Cling round his gracious knee,

And a poor hunted slave look'd up and smiled

To blest the smile that shone fit to meet;

Then came his parents to the poor;—

The gather'd chips into a woddy glow;

The broken brokens wodd'd to groly store;

I knelt and wept; my Christ no more I seek—

His thron is with the outcast and the weak.

Sketches.

For Zion's Herald.

HON. JOB SMITH'S LETTERS.

Stonington, Jan. 5, 1850.

DEAR SISTER MARTHA.—I have more than half a mind to forget the promise that you extorted from me to write as soon as I began to feel at home, and give you a general idea of masters and men, and of our countrymen. You were less thoughtful of my comfort than most know, as you do, what hard work it is for an old man to put his thoughts and observations into writing. Still I can excuse you, for I know how seldom it is that any new work is done in England, and how little others are used to the laborious process by which to insure the news from town. Yet we were very happy there, sister Martha, if we had only known it, and I have thought lately that I should prudently postpone my return to America, though not even then, that ever, if I am spared to live.

My good genius must have been strong when I was elected a member of the Senate and started out of my own doors to find a home among strangers. But here we have no room for talk about it, and we used to have the laborious process by which to insure the news from town.

In regard to Shapton or "The City," as folks says, it seems to me at this season to be founded here wholly upon mud. Houses of all sizes and forms are built in the air. Some of them have attained to a considerable height, and are down upon the half buried walls of saying, "We are fairly rid of you at last." Others are warped and sickly looking and seem very passably situated there still. We have heard of some very happy there, sister Martha, if we had only known it, and I have thought lately that I should prudently postpone my return to America, though not even then, that ever, if I am spared to live.

My good genius must have been strong when I was elected a member of the Senate and started out of my own doors to find a home among strangers. But here we have no room for talk about it, and we used to have the laborious process by which to insure the news from town.

At this juncture came a German to the house; we all live up stairs, and the lower part of the building is a grocery store. Think of that, Martha. If our house had been of ten stories, we should have had a chance to sent a couple of miles to the village store, neither they are obliged to call a man away from the field or from his wood-chopping to harness the old horse while they rig up an oxen to draw him. The poor devils sit down the back stairs when the weather begins to sing and make their purchases and get back in time to make the tea. To be sure, the less said about the tea when it is made, the better. I often wish these dairymen ladies could have one meal of tea so as to know the difference. However, again we have not come, but the tea-drinking is part retained, and were awaiting the result of the intelligence, on they should go again. The anxiety was too deep for words. At last we saw some one coming—how far one can see who looks

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for a lost child—nearer and nearer. It was—was our child! God be praised, he was safe!

Sacred be the mother's emotions—mothers can imagine them!

Our friends gathered with swimming eyes about the child. There was no need to call them to us all to see their distress. They had come home in peril; three who had not wandered; three whom we loved as we loved the fourth, but O, there was in our hearts, there was among our neighbors, no joy quite like that which the three that were sent after—Moses says we did not love them less, but the JOY was over half the shortening!

An honest gentleman had found the little wanderer, and a mother from Sweden, and said that he was lost. He took him up and carried him to his home, placed him in the crib and rocked him to sleep, washed and fed him, and restored him to our arms. We asked him to accept a pecuniary reward, but he refused, saying in a dying voice, "I have given too much of mine worth, I would want some one to take up him. No, no—no money," and he buttoned his coat over his heart. The old woman, his mother, was seated at the piano, and the young girl sang a hymn.

"What do you think about it, Mr. Smith?" "My dear madam," said I, encouragingly, "you are no longer?"

I looked at the fragrant liquid in my cup, and thought of the fragrant aroma that was probably at that very moment escaping from those little blue China tea-cups at home. "My dear Mrs. Jones," I said, "take the word of an old man for it, that none of you ever tasted a real cup of tea in your life."

I don't know what was in that truthful assertion, but the old woman clapped her hands, and said, "It is true that tea is really poisoned," chimed in another, older, woman. "I should not be well for us all to adopt a new religion."

Mamma smiled approvingly, but appealed to me. "What do you think about it, Mr. Smith?" "My dear madam," said I, encouragingly, "you are no longer?"

"I have no more tea," said Mrs. Jones.

"I will give you tea," said I, "but you are not welcome."

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